Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 10. MONTREAL, MARCH 7, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The Maoris.

The Church Missionary Society's 'Intelligencer' gives a rather sad account of these 'representatives of a vanishing race.' It says:—'The Maori population of New Zealand, according to the census of 1896, is in round numbers 39,800. Forty years ago the great majority either were professedly Christian or were more or less closely attached to one or other of the Missions which were working among them, but the war of 1860 and following years wrought a sad change in a large portion of the North Island. The feeling against the English was intensely bitter, and though many of those who were in arms against the Government of the colony probably had no intention of renouncing their Christianity, the notion had become widely spread, especially in the disaffected parts, that the missionaries had been in reality emissaries of the British Government, which had always intended, when the opportunity might come, to overpower them by the use of a military force, and to deprive them of their lands. The missionaries were consequently regarded with suspicion, and in some districts they were obliged to leave their stations, their schools were perforce discontinued, and Christian worship was generally abandoned.

'During the last thirty years a generation has grown up, in many places in a state differing little, if at all, from absolute heathenism. In other districts the people continued for the most part firm in their profession of Christianity, and it is estimated that there are now in the North Island 16,000 in connection with the Church of the province of New Zealand. These formed settled congregations, and are ministered to mainly by clergy of their own race. Besides these, there is a considerable number in connection with the Wesleyan and Roman Catholic Missions. For some years past there have been Mormon missionaries, too, in various places, who claimed to have gained 3,000 adherents.

'There still remains about 6,000 heathen, chiefly in the Waikato and Tarauki districts, and another 6,000, who are generally known by the name of Ringa-tu. The last mentioned abstain from work on Saturday by way of repudiating the practice of the Church in observing the first day of the week, and hold meetings for worship, at which certain portions of Scripture and a few prayers are recited, the object being apparently to satisfy a religious instinct by a perfunctory observance, without any notion of moral or spiritual improvement.

This interesting and apparently badly-used people have considerable skill in carving, an illustration of which we give on this page.—'Missionary Herald.'

CARVED MONUMENT IN NEW ZEALAND.

Why Not Now?

(New York 'Witness.')

Dear Editor and Friends: I read a little article in 'Sabbath Reading' about curing sin. I want to be a Christian, and wish that I knew how to be. It said in this article that if we confessed our sins to God he would forgive them, and remember them no more. Does this mean that we must confess every sin that we have ever committed, separately, and having confessed and repented, need we ever be troubled about those sins again? I would like to be a Christian and work for God, if I only knew how. I have had this desire intensified by reading the 'Witness' and 'Sabbath Reading,' to which papers I have been a subscriber for a long time. I wish some one would help me: for I need help so much; and I most earnestly ask for the prayers of the Editor and all who see this letter. GENEVIEVE.

You could not possibly confess every sin you ever committed separately. If that was the condition of forgiveness, no one could hope to find favor with God.

But what you can do, and what will do you a great deal more good, is to confess your present sinfulness. Examine your own heart in the presence of God and in the light of his claims upon you, and tell him what you find there. Are you self-seeking, or proud, or frivolous, or vain, or ill-tempered, or uncharitable? Are you lacking in kindness and consideration toward others, or in willingness to deny yourself for the purpose of helping others? Above all, are you lacking in love to God, in submission to his will, in desire to obey him in all things? Evil habits of thought or of desire are the sins which you especially need to confess humbly before God and from which you need most earnestly to seek deliverance.

If any particular acts of sin are lying on your conscience, these should be specially confessed, but it would be impossible to go back over all your life, or even over a single week, and remember everything.

The great object to be attained by the confession of sin is to impress upon our own consciences a sense of God's abhorrence of the sin confessed and thus to make us feel the necessity of fighting against it and putting it away from us absolutely. Any confession of sin that does not tend to this re-

sult is worthless. And any confession which does not go to the root of our character is almost equally worthless. If you could confess all the sins you had ever committed with the exception of some cherished habit of thought or desire which you are not willing to recognize as sin, such a confession would not strengthen you; it could not overcome the barrier which that cherished sin would always keep between your heart and God.

But just as soon as you are ready to face God frankly, accepting his will as the absolute law of your life and submitting without question to his judgments as to what is right and what is wrong in your life—as soon as you can make up your mind to that—you will find God not only ready to forgive, but anxious to welcome and bless you, as the father did the returning prodigal. God is far more anxious to forgive you than you can be to obtain forgiveness.

And when God forgives, he forgets. There is no string to his forgiveness; no qualifying clause in it. A forgiven sinner can come into God's presence with as much confidence that God loves him and desires to do him only good as if he had never sinned. God says with regard to repentant sinners, 'I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.' (Jer, xxxi., 34); 'I am he that blotteth out thy transgression for my name's sake, and will not remember thy sins.' (Isa. lxiii., 25.)

Think what a price God paid for the privilege of forgiving sin! He gave his own well-beloved Son to suffer humiliation and deprivation and sorrow and death on our behalf in order that he might be in a position to forgive sin without dishonoring his own law, in order that he might be justified in justifying all who believe on Jesus and accept his sufferings as the condemnation of their sin. (Read Rom. iii., 20-26.)

Can you imagine for one moment that after making so great a sacrifice in order to be able to forgive you, God will hesitate about granting forgiveness when you are ready to accept it on his terms?

It is only those who believe on Christ who can be justified through Christ; for it is written, 'He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light (Christ who is the light) has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.' (John iii., 18-19.)

This requirement of faith in Christ is included in the demand for confession of sin, because, as has already been said, confession of sin is not frank, is not complete, until it is comprehensive—unless it goes down to the root of our sinful nature—and unbelief is the very tap-root of sin. 'This is the work of God,' Jesus said to the Jews, 'that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.' (John vi., 29.)

What is believing on Christ? It is simply putting our trust in him—trusting him for everything. We must recognize our own inability to atone for our past sins and accept the sacrifice of Christ as made on our behalf—as the penalty of our sins. We must recognize our own inability to put away sin or to obey God's law, and must accept Christ as our Saviour from sin, and trust him to fight the battle in us and for us and to bring us out 'more than conquerors through him who hath loved us.' (Rom. viii., 37.)

As soon as any sinner is willing to take this position and really desires to be delivered from all his sins and brought into full harmony with the will of God for him, he can claim forgiveness in Christ's name, and God will gladly, joyously honor his plea.

But don't let the Devil deceive you with the idea that you must yourself put away your sins before you can expect forgiveness. No one could possibly earn forgiveness in that way. Don't think of forgiveness as the goal of the Christian life, but as the gate through which you must enter upon the Christian life. God cleans up the record for you, he washes off the slate, that you may have a fresh start. He reconciles you to himself by the blood of Christ that you may be able to enter upon the great battle of life, the perpetual conflict with sin in you and around you, with confidence and hopefulness; feeling that God is your friend and not your enemy, and that you can depend upon him for help in every time of need. Faith's victories are to be won after, not before, you have put your trust in Christ and have found forgiveness through him.

Do not delay. God is waiting for you. He asks of you nothing but what you can do, and can do at once.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Not of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

The Gospel She Needed.

HOW A MINISTER WAS TAUGHT THE TRUTH.

The theological views of the late Dr. Berry underwent a considerable change during the course of his ministry on at least one important point.

At one time he belonged to a school of thought which denied the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice. But when brought face to face with a dying girl, and realizing her pressing need of salvation, this view was swept away as if by a rushing of mighty waters.

A friend of Dr. Berry's, the Rev. Thomas Law, in giving the history of the doctor's change of mind, says that one day whilst sitting in his study someone came hurriedly to ask him to visit a sick case.

He did not feel that he had much fitness for such work, and so suggested his visitor should see a minister in the neighborhood. He had already done that; but the ministers in the district were away from home, and there seemed nothing for it but that Dr. Berry must go. He went, and found the girl dying in a terribly sin-laden atmosphere.

Dr. Berry felt he had no Gospel for her. All he could do was to speak of the beauty of a noble life, the worth of goodness, the reward of right doing, and so on. As he continued to speak to her in that way she tossed still more feverishly on the pillow.

At last he said to himself, 'This will never do,' and by one plunge he went back to the most old-fashioned theology, and said to the girl, 'Jesus Christ died for you. He died in your stead, and if you will only believe in him and accept him as your personal Saviour, all your sins will be forgiven.'

Immediately he spoke to her in that way she rested as quietly on her pillows as if she were nestling her head in her mother's bosom. That was the Gospel she needed. Shortly after she died in peace.

Thenceforth Dr. Berry preached the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice in the old-fashioned form.—'Sunday Companion.'

The Man of Macedonia.

'There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, "Come over and help us." '—Acts xvi., 9.

O for a vision and a voice to lead me
To show me plainly where my work should lie!
Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me;
Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush, unbelieving one! But for thy blindness,
But for thine own impatience and self-will,
Thou wouldest see thy Master's loving-kindness,
Who by those 'hindrances' is leading still.

He who of old through Phrygia and Galatia
Led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there,
If He forbid to 'preach the Word in Asia,'
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

Courage and patience! Is the Master sleeping?
Has He no plan, no purpose, of Love?
What though awhile His counsel He is keeping?
It is maturing in the world above.

Wait on the Lord! In His Right Hand be hidden;
And go not forth in haste to strive alone;
Shun—like a sin!—the tempting work 'forbidden';
God's love for souls, be sure, exceeds thine own.

The Master cares! Why feel, or seem, so lonely?
Nothing can interrupt real work for God;
Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if only
We are resolved to cleave unto the Lord.

Submit thyself to God for preparation;
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord!
Call it not 'zeal'—it is a base temptation;
Satan is pleased when man dictates to God.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance trample
On each self-flattering fancy that appears!
Did not the Lord Himself—for our example—
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the tempter's wiles thou be ensnared;
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed!
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared!

—From 'Heart to Heart.'

Over thirty-three percent of all foreign missionaries are women. A long array of honored names make up the list of faithful women who have equalled, and often surpassed, their sterner brothers in courage, devotion, and intensity of purpose.—'Young Folks' Missionary.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

PLEASE TELL TEACHERS.

Any day school teacher or principal not already taking 'World Wide' may have it on trial for six weeks, free of charge. By kindly making this known to teachers, subscribers will greatly oblige the publishers.

BOYS AND GIRLS

(J. L. Harbour, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

No one ever knew the exact cause of the estrangement between Maria Devlin and her distinguished brother, the Hon. Horace Devlin. The Devlins had always been wisely reticent regarding their family affairs. It was understood that there had been a violent quarrel over the large estate left by the father of the brother and sister, and that they had never spoken to each other since the division of the property. The estrangement must have been embarrassing to both of them, since they lived in a small town and could not help meeting frequently.

The Hon. Horace was much more popular than his sister Maria. She had always been somewhat eccentric, and this eccentricity had become more marked after her quarrel with her brother.

Her father had been a man of very simple tastes, and had lived all of his life in the plain old red house that had been his father's and his grandfather's. It was a great and bitter trial to Maria when her brother, not long after their father's death, tore down the old house and built on its site a very large and pretentious modern mansion.

Miss Maria had her father's simple tastes, and the associations of the old house were very dear to her, even when it was no longer her home. The big, showy mansion was an offence to her eyes every time she passed it. In marked and striking contrast to her brother's house was her own. It was as much an eyesore to her brother as his house was to Miss Maria.

When the Devlin estate had finally been divided, Miss Maria moved into a tiny old house once occupied by her father's gardener. It was hardly tenantable, and Miss Maria made few repairs before moving into it. It stood directly across the road from her brother's fine home, and was a decided blemish on the landscape seen from his spacious front piazza. He had, through his attorney, made his sister an offer to buy it at a price far more than its value, but the offer had been so promptly and so decidedly rejected that it had never been repeated.

It was thought that Miss Maria allowed the old house to remain in a state of neglect, and the premises to be in a state of continual disorder, for the sole purpose of adding to her brother's annoyance and mortification. She also added many irritating traits to her natural eccentricities of character, and was nearly always spoken of by the people of the town as 'queer Miss Maria.'

Her sister-in-law was an extremely fashionable lady, while Maria went about in the shabbiest and most antiquated of garments. She was far from being scrupulously tidy, and seemed to take delight in setting aside the ordinary conventionalities of life. It was known, however, that she was very good and kind to the poor, while her brother was by no means noted for his generosity toward them.

The Hon. Horace Devlin entertained lavishly, while his sister never entertained at all, and did not go into society. It was regarded as scandalous that Miss Maria should have chosen to spend the afternoon in her front yard with a man's hat on her head, and her skirts pinned up about her waist, on the day of her brother's grand lawn party, when he had a car-load of guests out from the city.

HON. HORACE DEVLIN.

So the breach between the brother and sister widened until there was no probability that it would ever be bridged over. When they met they stared at each other in stony silence.

Wenfield, the town in which the Devlins lived, was a small manufacturing place. Most of its inhabitants worked in the mills. Many of them were thrifty men and women, who saved as much as they could of their earnings, and deposited them in the one savings-bank in Wenfield.

The Hon. Horace Devlin was cashier of the Wenfield savings-bank, and never had there been such wild excitement throughout the town as on the morning when a placard appeared on the bank door bearing the two ominous words:

BANK CLOSED.

Men and women left their work and hurried to the bank with eager and anxious faces. Many had in it the savings of a lifetime, and they stared at the portentous words with wildly beating hearts. There was the most outspoken indignation when the truth became known. The fact was that the Hon. Horace Devlin had brought shame and disgrace on an old and honored name, and privation and possible poverty to many homes, by becoming a defaulter.

It was discovered that he had for years been speculating with money belonging to the bank, and his defalcations were sufficient to embarrass it. It was feared that its doors must be permanently closed, and that the depositors would lose all, or at least the most, of their savings. The Hon. Horace Devlin was missing, and no trace of his whereabouts could be found.

A week after the closing of the bank another notice appeared on its doors. The second notice was as follows:—

NOTICE.—All creditors of the Wenfield Savings-Bank are hereby requested to meet in the Town Hall on Friday evening at eight o'clock.

Many who were not creditors of the bank crowded into the Town Hall with the bank depositors on Friday evening. Indeed, the hall was filled to overflowing, and no one seemed to have any definite idea of what was to be done.

When eight o'clock came no one had yet appeared on the platform, but a few minutes later a door at the rear opened, and to the amazement of all present, Miss Maria Devlin walked forward and faced the people.

There was an instant hush. One could almost hear the breathing of the spectators. Miss Maria herself seemed calmer than any of them. Her voice was perfectly steady when she began to speak. Every word could be heard in all parts of the hall.

'My friends,' she said, simply, 'I am here to make reparation for the wrong done you by my brother, Horace Devlin. The Devlins have always been honest people. No man ever had a higher or a more deserved reputation for honesty than my father. He owed no man anything, nor do I. I feel that I owe it to my father to make full amends for his son's wrong-doing, and to do all that I can to remove the shame and disgrace he has brought on a good and honorable name.

'Now I am here to say that I will pay every dollar due the depositors who had money in the Wenfield Savings-Bank, and—'

'Hooray for Miss Maria!' shouted a wildly excited man in the rear of the hall. 'Hooray!'

The crowd took up the cry, and the hall rang as it never had before.

'Hooray for the Devlin name!' shrieked some one else, when partial order had been restored. 'Hooray for old Judge Devlin, as

good and honest a man as ever walked the earth! Three cheers for him and his honest daughter, Miss Maria!'

Again the hall resounded with the plaudits of the multitude. When order was finally restored, Miss Maria said quietly:

'My lawyer, Mr. Dawson, will take charge of the matter of making the payments due. That is all I have to say, except to express my deep regret that this shameful thing has happened. Good night.'

Queer Miss Maria left the hall amid the renewed applause of the great crowd.

'She is her father's daughter, that's what she is!' said Doctor Hale, as the people were going out of the hall.

'You couldn't say a better thing about her,' said Dawson, the lawyer.

From that time forth Miss Maria had a new place in the affections and respect of the people of Wenfield. She was still 'queer Miss Maria,' but the people knew that her heart was right.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER XI.—A PUZZLING QUESTION.

The twenty percent interest which the Rev. Octavius Adair received the first year of his investment in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company' was very faithfully spent. He apportioned every fraction to those various parish matters on whose behalf he had determined to become a shareholder, and yet he was not so well satisfied as he had expected to be. He was a sensitive man, and he was perfectly conscious that he had placed himself in an anomalous position, and that he had weakened his influence for good not only in the estimation of John Aylmer, but of several of his parishioners. His bishop, too, had for some time been more and more alive to the value of the temperance reformation, and had now become an abstainer, and thrown the weight of his influence into the teetotal scale. Somebody, people said it was the unsparing Miss Thunder, had let the bishop know that the rector of Anyborough had shares in the brewery company, and the next time the bishop and Mr. Adair met, the episcopal condemnation made the rector very hot and uncomfortable. 'The best thing you can do,' said the unsparing bishop, 'is to sell out at once and let your people know it; you may depend upon it, Mr. Adair, people won't tolerate this kind of thing in their clergymen nowadays. The time is past when a rector or a vicar might do as he liked, and be sure of reverence: this age has almost no veneration, and we must be therefore extremely guarded and careful that our conduct does not call for any kind of censure. Now, if I am rightly informed, Mr. Adair, you have actually received a resolution from some section of the temperance party, condemning your participation in the making of intoxicating drink, which everybody knows is so inimical to the best interests of the people, and that won't do. You had better neutralize this unfavorable impression as soon as may be, by establishing a Church of England Temperance Society in your parish, and becoming its president.'

Mr. Adair, though timid, was not inclined to let the bishop have it all his own way. 'May I venture to remind you, my lord,' he said, 'that our church itself has some vested property in houses for the sale of drink—'

The bishop frowned, and in the tone in which he answered, Mr. Adair he seemed to declare that, once for all, he set his foot down on any such excuse as that. He smiled, but the smile was more grim than humorous as he declared, 'Two blacks don't make one white, and what is more can't make one white, as you very well know, Mr. Adair; that wrong you allude to will have to be righted and will be righted, meanwhile those clergymen do most to neutralize it who show that the church at the present time takes a very decided stand against the liquor interest.'

If Mr. Adair had not been so much of a student, if his experience of men and things had been larger, he would have (unhappily) known that very few other bishops in his church took precisely the same view of total abstinence as his own bishop did, that a number of religious men and women, and even a number of the clergy, would have considered the possession of shares in a brewery perfectly justifiable, for the very good reason that they themselves possessed some; and that his devotion of his twenty percent interest to the affairs of the church would be regarded by many as a work of most meritorious supererogation. As it was, however, he was only made very uncomfortable by the decisive words of his bishop, and he wished very much that he had never left off his blue ribbon for the sake of his glass of wine, and that he had not refused that excellent young man, John Aylmer, the help in temperance work in Anyborough for which he had so earnestly pleaded. He determined to think about selling his shares if he could find a customer ready to buy them a little above par; he must gain enough besides the actual price he had paid, to recoup himself for the broker's fee in reselling them.

The Rev. Octavius Adair was conscious in a vague sort of way, without analyzing his feelings openly to himself, that it seemed more in harmony with his Christian position to be selling out of than to be buying into a brewery company, and yet even now the twenty percent interest was not an amount to be relinquished without a gentle sigh.

The very day that the rector of Anyborough wrote to the Secretary of the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company' expressing his willingness to sell his shares if a purchaser could be found who would give him a price a little above par, Mr. Lawrence sat up for the first time since his illness wrapped in a flannel dressing gown feeling very weak and feeble, and yet rejoicing even in this amount of progress. To Muriel, and the boys, and the younger children, there was quite a festive air in the house on that day, and if Mrs. Lawrence could only as yet rejoice with trembling, she smiled in answer to her children's joy, and they were well content. Muriel, indeed, had her own extra source of pleasure; for that morning had brought her the promised letter from John Aylmer. It was only a short letter, but it had made Muriel very happy. It did not tell her anything beyond the barest facts, it did not even acquaint her at all with that stupendous fact that his grandfather had bequeathed him a fortune of five thousand pounds, but the young man wrote: 'I shall have a great deal to tell you when I get back to Anyborough, and this will, I hope, be next week. Do not forget your promise to let me know how your dear father progresses.' It was wonderfully sweet to the young girl to know that John Aylmer wished to tell her his experiences, and that he would soon return to them.

Rose and Myrtle were honored by an invitation to tea in their father's room, and the boys came in afterwards to see him, and the voice that had so long been silent to them spake gentle, kindly words, and asked questions as to their progress in shop, and office, and school, that made them realize how much he had thought about them when he could not tell them so. And they sang together the evening hymn before they left him, and heard him pronounce the familiar words of the benediction, and felt, as little Bertie said, that 'papa was come back again.'

A few days after this his elder boys helped Mr. Lawrence downstairs into the sitting-room, and then he took them all into his confidence in regard to the brewery shares, and the misery his one act of unholy greed had caused him, and asked them to suggest what he ought now to do in the matter. Thus appealed to, each of them found that the way out of a wrong path was beset with difficulties.

'I should think you'd give the money to the Temperance Society, or to the drunkard's families,' said Tom.

'But what about the shares, my boy?'

'Sell them, father, of course,' said Charlie.

'And make someone else as miserable as I have been? If it is wrong to buy it cannot be right to sell.'

'Perhaps Mr. Adair would buy them,' said Frank, ironically, 'he does not feel the wrong, I suppose.' Frank could not even yet forget his father's strange condemnation of the clergyman, when he was himself a participator in the same wrong-doing.

'Many people would be more than willing to buy them, Frank,' said his father, 'but ought I to be willing to sell?'

'Then you must keep them yourself, father, can't you get rid of them?' asked Edward, looking very sad and anxious.

'It perplexes me greatly,' said Mr. Lawrence, 'I know no way at present to gain the freedom I desire from this bondage. I pray for enlightenment, but my punishment is less than I deserve. God is good, and perhaps never so good as when he shows us the result of our sins in the clear light of his countenance.'

'Could you not let the brewery company buy them back on their own terms?' asked the thoughtful lad.

'To sell again, Edward? questioned his father. 'The loss of the hundred pounds I wish you all clearly to understand is a serious matter to us financially. It is not a sum that we can afford to lose, but I rejoice to believe that you are all so much better teetotallers than your father was, that you would rather deny yourselves than accept a profit from such a source, and would even rather lose the principal than regain it by means which your consciences could not approve. The lesson of my illness has been to me, dear children, and I trust it will be also to every one of you, 'What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' 'But it was for our sakes you did it, dear father,' said Muriel, who could not bear to hear him take so much blame to himself, as if his personal interest had been the cause of his error. 'If we had not been so selfish as to say we wanted this and that, which we could do very well without, you might never have bought those shares at all.'

Mr. Lawrence's smile was very tender as he regarded Muriel. 'We will try never again to make the mistake of putting pleasant things like money, and what money can buy, before right things, such as truth, and honor, and principle against the drinking

system,' he said; 'you must all think earnestly on this subject, and let me know any plan that suggests itself to you as wise and right. When does John Aylmer return, Muriel?' A crimson glow, beautiful as the sunlight on a newly-opened rose, lit up the face of the young girl suddenly addressed.

'To-day, father, I think; but something may detain him longer.'

Even as she spoke there was a ring that made the boys say, 'That's Mr. Aylmer,' and Tom and Charlie nearly fell over each other in the effort to reach the house door first.

'Well, boys.'

'Oh, Mr. Aylmer, this is jolly, father's downstairs to-day, and you're come back, so now things'll get a bit better.'

Muriel stood just within the parlor door, her heart beating so fast that she was afraid their visitor could see her confusion; but if he did, it did not displease him, for he greeted her warmly, and then hastened to Mrs. Lawrence and the invalid. 'You have made good progress, my dear sir, I am delighted. I think you will be able to enjoy the contents of my small hamper.' Saying this he lifted the lid of the package he carried, and revealed a tempting display of peaches and grapes under which, when Mrs. Lawrence unpacked it, before the delighted eyes of the assembled family, was found a fine fowl, some new laid eggs, and a jar of honey.

'I have been in the country, you know, and have brought a sample of what the country can produce,' said John Aylmer. He looked so bright and happy, and accepted their thanks with such honest pleasure, that Muriel felt sure something special had happened, and wondered when he would tell her.

(To be Continued.)

A Library Smoked Away.

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger.')

The following is the poem asked for by R. Close, in the 'Messenger' of Feb. 21.

JESSIE C. MURPHY.

Harvey, Ont.

Two schoolfellows of equal age,
Were 'prenticed in one day;
The one was studiously inclined,
The other boy was gay.

The pocket money each received,
Was just the same amount,
And how they both expended it,
I briefly will recount.

Whilst George was smoking his cigars,
And sauntering about,
With youths as idle as himself,
Shutting all knowledge out,

At the Mechanics' Institute,
And with his books at home,
Tom, wisely spent his leisure hour,
Nor cared the streets to roam.

One eve, when their apprenticeship
Had nearly passed away,
George at his friend Tom's lodgings called,
An hour or two to stay.

'Why, Tom!' he cried with such surprise,
'Is your old uncle dead?
And left you cash to buy those books
That round the walls are spread?'

'Oh, no,' said Tom, 'I bought those books
With what my friends allowed;
Had you not smoked away your cash,
You might the same have showed!'

"Why, my Havanas only cost
Me ten cents every day!'
'Just so,' said Tom, 'you've only smoked
A library away.

Now reckon upon ten cents a day
For seven long years to come,
And you will find that it will count
A very handsome sum!'

Winifred Hilderton's Secret

(By the Rev. F. Docker, author of 'The Great Drink Dividend,' in 'The Alliance News.')

I.

A cab drove quickly up to the door of a genteel villa in a northern suburb of London. It was a neighborhood much affected by musicians, professionals, and literary people.

'Number 20, lady, did you say?' queried the cabman of his fare. 'This is Number 20,' but Jehu receiving no answer, and peering into his cab, muttered, 'Blest if she ain't asleep.'

Going to the door he shouted sharply, 'Number 20, lady, this is it.'

Aroused from her slumber the drowsy woman lifted her heavy eyelids, and it seemed to dawn slowly upon her that she had reached her destination.

The lady made an effort to get out of the cab unassisted, but that was evidently out of the question, so the driver led her to the door of the villa.

Having done so, cabby stood holding his hat in his hand, and moralizing on the situation. 'Young and prutty,' he soliloquized, 'furbelows and frills, silks and satins, picter 'at, an' patent leather shoes—an' blest if her ain't elevated, which is genteel for drunk.'

Once inside her home the young and pretty woman managed to drag herself to the couch of her daintily furnished dining-room, and fell heavily upon it.

There was only another occupant of the dining-room, and she was a young invalid, who sat in a chair, and reclining helplessly on a pillow.

'Winnie!' the invalid exclaimed in alarm, as her sister stumbled into the dining-room, 'are you ill?' and she rang the bell for help. In response to the call of her young mistress an elderly servant ran into the room.

'Oh, nurse,' cried the affrighted young lady, 'Miss Winnie is ill.'

The nurse bent down and examined the half unconscious young lady who lay huddled up on the couch.

'Are you ill, Miss Winnie?' inquired the servant anxiously.

'Go away, please, go away,' was the only response the domestic could get from her mistress.

'I think she will be better presently,' the kindly old domestic said in a tone that had tears in it, and there entered into the mind of the faithful old servant a dreadful suspicion which she would not have confessed on any account to her afflicted young mistress, who now stood leaning heavily on her crutches as she watched her sister.

'Does she need a doctor?' asked the young invalid, anxiously.

'No, Miss Patience,' answered the servant, evasively. 'I fancy she wants to sleep. At all events, we shall see how she is when she awakes.'

Let us say here that the afflicted young lady, being almost entirely confined to her house as an invalid, knew little of the temptations to which many women were exposed in the great world outside her home. The world was largely a 'terra incognita' to her. She had no idea either of the fierce conflict through which her sister was just then passing, or the struggle she had been undergoing for months past, for Miss Winifred Hilderton, who was the breadwinner for their little home, loved her afflicted sister too much to cause her pain by confiding to her all the difficulties that had befallen her.

Some years previous to the opening of our story, Patience Hilderton, who was the younger sister had suffered from fever, which had deprived her of the power of locomotion. The specialists whom she consulted declared that her lameness was not the result of organic disease, and there was no reason why she should not recover the use of her limbs, but so far the much to be desired blessing seemed a long way off.

The two young ladies had been early left to their own resources, as they had lost both their parents. The support of the home depended almost entirely upon the efforts of Winifred. They possessed a small patrimony, but it was not sufficient of itself to enable them to live in comfort.

Winifred had tried her fortune in the lottery of literature, and had made some little headway. Her success, however, was only of a partial character, and the uncertainty of the profession she had chosen told heavily upon a naturally sensitive and highly strung temperament.

The disappointment of hope deferred, the frequent return of her MSS. with which she had courted fame and fortune, the nervous tension of her writing, into which she put her very soul, all told disastrously upon her. For a woman of her particular disposition literature was the very worst profession she could have chosen; it simply drained her system of vital energy.

She came to dread the advent of the postman, because of the bitter disappointment it so often brought to her. Then she had no friend to whom she could unburden herself. She wore a smiling face for her sister's sake, when her heart was consuming with anguish, and this strain of self-repression helped to undermine her strength. Oh, the awful effort to wreathe the stubborn features into a smile when the heart is nearly breaking.

II

We said that Winifred had no friends, but that is hardly correct, for she had one. Basil Stainton was a hard working curate in a northern parish, and several years before he went to Cambridge he had wooed and won Winifred Hilderton. Basil Stainton was the son of a poor man, and by his personal industry the young curate had worked his way up from the ranks. He had won a scholarship at Cambridge, and having graduated, he had chosen the ministry as a profession. Basil was gifted, but what were gifts without money, or patronage in that calling, which of all others is supposed to be most outside the influence of money The young people had, therefore, no prospect of early marriage, but they were devoted to each other.

Mr. Stainton watched the growing success of his 'fiancée' in the literary world with feelings of triumph. He was convinced that a brilliant future lay before her; but little did he dream at what cost she whom he loved so passionately was winning that success.

The public read her contributions to literature; her bright scintillations of wit, and poetry; but never knew that they were but the phosphorescent gleams of moral decay, or perhaps of death itself.

That demon of the brain worker—sleeplessness—had begun to paralyze the girl's sensitive brain. Her nights became seasons of physical and mental suffering rather than of balmy and tranquil slumber. She sought alleviation in opiates, and so procured fitful artificial sleep. Sleep she felt she must have, for not only her own but her sister's livelihood depended upon her brain

work, and she dreaded the thought of her afflicted sister, to whom she had been as a mother, being deprived of any comfort.

At last success, substantial success, came to Winnie, and how her invalid sister rejoiced in her literary triumphs. 'Why, Winnie, you don't seem a bit enthusiastic about that cheque,' Patience said, when a more than usually substantial reward for her sister's labors came from her publishers.

Winnie smiled a sad, weary smile; she knew, alas, how often the bright flame of her imagination had been fed with the unholy fires of alcohol, to which, despite her better nature, she felt herself fast becoming a slave.

Just at this period, too, she learned what she had never known before, for she was too young when her father died to know much about him, and that was that he had died as the result of excessive drinking, though he was really a brilliant man. Winifred was aware that her mother's life had been burdened with some secret sorrow, but she never dreamed it was the curse of drink.

Instead of the knowledge of the fact putting her on her guard against what was really the hereditary foe of her family, it created a fatal sense of despair in her mind; she felt that she had inherited her father's vice, and that his fate, and that of others of her family, must be hers, and so she yielded herself to a hopeless sense of fatalism.

Thus weakened in mind and body, she seemed powerless to release herself from the tentacles of this horrid moral octopus that were closing around her. Sometimes she wept passionate tears at the sense of her degradation, and at other times maudlin tears as she came under the influence of her foe.

III.

At last the awful fact of her sister's fatal weakness was forced on the mind of Patience Hilderton herself, and she had the inexpressible sorrow of seeing her still young and beautiful sister under the influence of drink.

There seemed to Patience no greater suffering than that that she could be called to endure. The very light of day seemed henceforward ghastly. She could have borne any other sorrow patiently, but to know that her sister was a secret, yet wretched drunkard, was a sorrow for which there seemed no alleviation.

Sometimes Winifred made a futile effort to combat her weakness, but the old sense of the utter dreariness of life, which, perhaps, accounts more for drunkenness amongst women than anything else, crept over her. She expended the little nervous force she possessed in her literary labors, and then, entirely exhausted, flew to her secret foe for relief from her misery. On one occasion Patience found her sister lying in her room in a drunken stupor.

When she had recovered from her intoxication the afflicted girl drew Winnie gently to herself, and the wretched woman fell at her sister's feet weeping as at those of some saint. The agonized girl threw her arms around her sister's neck, crying in an ecstasy of grief, 'Oh, Winnie, my own precious sister, you will break my poor heart. Is there no help for you? Must you perish and none save you? Leave it, darling, leave it all. Let us live on a crust; anything rather than that I should lose you. Oh, merciful God, my sorrow is greater than I can bear. Save us, Father, save us,' she groaned. The two women mingled their tears, the one those of Gethsemane anguish, the other those of shame, and almost of utter despair.

Singular to tell, as Miss Hilderton sank lower and lower in the vice of drunkenness, she was becoming more and more the idol of the public. Her work was becoming better known. She was regarded as one of the favorites of fortune whose literary star had early risen in the ascendant.

Eulogistic paragraphs appeared about her in the papers, and yet, all this time Winnie was becoming a wretched, despairing woman. Sometimes, as she read the personal paragraphs respecting herself in the newspapers, she burst out in bitter mocking laughter. Despair had darkened her heart; despair of ever conquering her foe.

'I have inherited the fatal vice of my family,' she cried, after one of her lapses, 'and there is no hope for me.'

In her despair she determined to break off her engagement with Basil Stainton, and wrote him to that effect. She confessed to him that her love for him had never changed, but she had discovered a secret in her own past life, she told him, that would make her marriage with him an impossibility. She begged of him to try and forget her, and to seek someone who would be more worthy of him and his noble life's work.

When Basil received the letter he was stunned, and would have posted off to London at once to plead with her to alter her decision. But in her letter she begged of him not to increase her present agony of mind by seeing her.

Basil wrote to her telling her it was impossible for him to cease to love her, and that for him there could be no other woman for a wife but herself. To transfer his affections to another, he said, was equally impossible.

Sometimes a glinting of hope crept into the wretched woman's heart that she should yet conquer her foe, and by years of abstinence from intoxicating drinks prove herself worthy of Basil Stainton's great love for her. But the old craving came back again; she lost control over herself, and she fell again, and yet again from the heaven of her hope.

She told herself she would conquer her foe gradually, and take less and less intoxicants. A very will-o'-the-wisp delusion to such as she.

Patience tried to help her by seeing that no intoxicants came into the house, but despite her efforts, when the craving became strong upon her, somehow she managed to obtain them. So the battle went on, alternating between fear and hope.

As we have seen in the opening of our story the young lady's disease—for in her case disease it really was—had so far progressed that she had begun to publish her failing publicly, and friends began secretly to whisper the awful fact amongst themselves that the brilliant authoress was a confirmed dipsomaniac.

IV.

Miss Patience Hilderton slept in a room adjoining that of her sister, and the doors of the two bedrooms being opposite each other, it was easy, when the door was open, for her to command a view of her sister's bedroom.

One evening Patience had retired to rest as usual, and before she felt asleep she saw that her sister was reading in bed. It was a frequent practice of the nervous woman, to try and induce sleep. Patience fell herself into a fitful sleep. After a while she woke, and as she gradually became conscious she could smell fire. The door of her sister's room was still open, and she could distinctly see a thin, white, curling smoke arising from her sister's bed. She called aloud and rang the bell for help. But seconds seemed hours. She could see her sister's danger, and yet she was powerless to help her, and lay bound in bed as by a chain of iron, for her lameness prevented her action.

She clutched the bedclothes frantically, and tried to drag her useless limbs out of bed. It was the struggle of love against physical weakness, and love, in such circumstances, has often worked miracles. So it was here. She gained the floor, and managed to balance her body. She clung to the furniture and to the walls. She dragged herself along, bent on saving her sister.

The hangings of the bed were already aflame, and still the doomed woman slept, and no help was nigh.

Patience had sufficient strength to lay hold of the water jug and dash the water on the smouldering fire. The flame abated. At last the house was roused by her cries, and the servants appeared, and rushed into the room, aghast to see the white draped figure that stood by the side of the bed. Then the reaction came, and the brave girl fainted.

Patience happily recovered from her exhaustion, but what was still more wonderful, she had regained the use of her limbs. Her recovery was in no way exceptional, as there are many cases on record of similar recovery, even after years of loss of the power of locomotion.

When the doctor turned his attention to Miss Winnie he found that not only was she somewhat seriously burned, but she had suffered from shock to her over-wrought system, which was far worse.

The medical man soon understood the real facts of the case in relation to his patient; he saw at once the terrible tragedy of the life of this brilliant woman, and he saw too, that what alone would save her would be to put her out of the reach of all intoxicants. But how was that to be done? That was the doctor's puzzling question.

For the time being, however, the physician had to save his patient from her critical condition, and slowly, very slowly, Winnie came back to life. Her whole nervous system was a wreck.

The doctor had formed his plans to try and save the poor woman. He communicated with a lady friend, and entreated her to interest herself in the case, and try and get her to enter an inebriate home.

Miss Hilderton, when the matter was suggested to her by her sister, consented, and in due course she entered the home. Here, far away from the heated rush of life, and amid the healing influences of nature, she reposed. Day by day a physical, mental, and spiritual change was slowly passing over her.

Nature was weaving, in her body healthy tissue; gradually the old craving died down, and the calm, benign influence of the love of God was shed abroad in her heart. At last she felt as if, by the grace of God, she dare trust herself to resist intoxicants, and so left the home.

Weeks lapsed into months, and months into years, and Winnie was conscious that she had in very truth become a new creature.

The change, however, was not less marvellous in her sister, Patience. The power she had so wonderfully gained by her ter-

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

How Dan Came Home

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

(By Liberty Hayward, in 'Union Signal.')

'I wonder what makes Dan so late to-night? He said he'd be home early.' Speaking anxiously to herself, Margaret walked to the door, and with eager eyes peered out into the night. Deep blackness met her gaze; nothing more; and no sound of voice or footsteps came to her strained hearing.

She had waited often for Dan of late, so often that she had become almost used to waiting—the weary waiting known to wives who have learned to sit in fear and dread, as they think of how their husbands may come home.

Not that Dan had come home that way many times; only just so many as to make her heart sink with the thought of how it might be, whenever he was late; and it was growing very late to-night—almost midnight.

Dan had never denied to Margaret that he drank. The thing that he denied was that he took more than was good for him. 'There are some fellows,' quoth Dan, 'who never know when to quit. I like a glass or so, as well as any of 'em; but when I've had enough, I stop.'

Nevertheless, there had come a night—he had taken so much he didn't remember what happened—and in the morning, on Margaret's forehead, was a cut, long, deep, ragged. She made no mention of it; there was no sign of reproach in her manner toward him, her eyes and voice were gentleness itself, but the sight of it was a sickening shock, and the possibility of how it might have come to be there was a thought so intolerable he scarcely dared to ask, and still—'Margaret,' he had said, standing beside her, as she sat pale and silent at the table, 'tell me how it happened. I know I had taken too much, but I can't bear think I did that.'

She stood then, facing him, and for one minute looked straight into his eyes. 'No, Dan; no, dear, it wasn't you who did it; I fell.' Then, because Margaret was used to speaking truth, the blood flamed up to her cheeks and rushing tears choked her speech.

Dan had been very sorry about this. He kissed his wife when he went to work that morning, and begging her to forget, promised solemnly, and of his own accord, that he would never touch liquor again. He meant it, and she, poor little woman, believed him; she was young yet, and, believing him, was happy—for a while.

But habits are strong, and promises weak; and the drinking had been for long a habit of Dan's, so that the scar on Margaret's forehead had scarcely healed before she learned what it almost broke her heart to know, that her husband's word was not to be trusted.

Sometimes (it was so now) there were months when Dan didn't touch a drop; then she ventured to whisper to herself, 'He never will again.'

She had felt so this afternoon; so safe and certain about him when, waving his hand gayly as he started to town, he had called back to her, 'I'll be home early to-night; have a good hot supper, for it'll be a cold drive back.'

The hot supper had been cooked, dished up, put back again, kept warm, till it browned and dried in the oven. The impatient children—four-year-old Daisy and little Dan, the baby—had been fed and put to bed. It grew later and later.

'Oh, I hope he isn't coming home that way,' sighs Margaret, and once more her dread drives her to the door; but still no sign.

Baby Danny, disturbed by the unwonted wakefulness of the house, rouses now, and his frightened cry brings the mother to the cradle. She gathers him in her arms, for it soothes the ache in her heart to clasp close to it the little loving form, and laying her hand down over the wakeful eyes, she rocks and sings softly the lullaby he loves.

For a long time she sings, as though with the tender words to drive away her own troubled thoughts. She lays the rosy little sleeper back in his cradle again, and still the waiting goes on. She has never waited so long before. What can it mean?

What it meant she learned just before day-break, when the sound of hurried footsteps summoned her to the door. It was a messenger, a neighbor boy, with the tidings, 'Dan's in the hospital in town. There was a fight in McLean's saloon, and Dan got hurt. I can drive you in if you want to go to see him.'

One glance at his face, white and horror-struck made Margaret instantly certain that the worst had not been told. She turned faint and sick, but asked the question quietly, 'Do you mean he's killed?'

'Oh, no, Dan ain't dead,' burst out the boy. 'He's hurt bad, but—Dan ain't dead.'

A cry of anguish broke from the lips of the wife; and the boy who had been charged to tell no more than that Dan was hurt, stood shocked at the revelation he had unwittingly made. A few insistent questions gave her the whole story.

It is a common story enough. We read it every day in the newspapers, and we shall continue, every day, to read it over and over again so long as the saloon is permitted to deal out that poison which lets loose the devil in the hearts of men. Only the story of a drunken fight, which, at its bitter end, had taken the life of a man and branded with the curse of Cain the life of the other. It was Dan who did the deed; the man who was killed was Jim Hains, the neighbor with whom he had gone to town.

'I'll go with you in a little while,' spoke Margaret, without emotion. Then entering the door and closing it, she fell on her knees beside the children's bed, and tried, poor soul, to pray.

She could not—not yet—she could not even cry. The door opened, and she roused herself. 'I'll keep the children for you,' said a sympathetic neighbor; 'you'd better go to Dan.'

Morning was yet fresh and dewy when the team that brought Margaret to town drew up at the gate of the hospital. 'Oh, no, it won't do him any harm to see you,' the nurse had said reassuringly; 'he is not so severely injured as we thought last night. He is sleeping now, but will be awake soon.'

'Nor hurt so badly as they feared.' The mention of his bodily hurt startled Margaret. She had forgotten about that.

She accepted passively a chair beside the bed and looked with hot, dry eyes on Dan's unconscious face. It was a good face; who could help believing in it to see it? She thought how she had believed in it; how she had counted herself the happiest among women, when, without doubt or fear, she had given her life and happiness into his keeping. And now the face which she had loved and trusted had become the face of a criminal—of—her heart cried out in protest. She could not utter the word even to herself.

He was stirring now, uneasily, as though conscious, in his sleep, of pain. Suddenly his eyes opened, and he looked confusedly into Margaret's face. She tried—poor girl—to smile; but the pain and terror in her eyes startled him, and his spirit sank with sudden dread.

'Margaret, what makes you look so? Am I much hurt? Ain't I—ain't I going to get well?'

She turned so white, her lips struggled so as she strove to frame some reply, that he felt himself answered.

'Margaret,' he pleaded, 'if it's so bad as that—if there's no chance at all for me, I want to know it. Do they say I'm going to die?'

She shook her head, but still words refused to come. He watched her wistfully, his eyes begging for some assurance. 'Don't try to keep it from me, Margaret,' he besought. 'Let me know the worst they've told you—I can bear it better from you than to hear it from any of them.'

He had found her hand as he spoke, but as he would have clasped it, he felt that his wife shuddered and shrank away as at some deadly touch.

'I can't, oh, I can't tell you,' he heard her whisper wildly. He turned away his face, and the hurt in his voice was pitiful.

'I'd rather have heard it from you, Margaret, even—even if it's the worst.'

She told him then the worst—the worst that was so far beyond his imaginings; the worst, that meant not his own death, but a deed of blood upon his hands, and the stain of deadly sin upon his soul.

Later, he bore for years, without a murmur, the penalty pronounced by law upon his crime. But it was in the days when he lay alone with his thoughts upon his bed in the hospital, that he endured the keenest and bitterest of his punishment. Sharpest, hardest of all to bear was one thought that throbbed continually in his dizzy brain. It was so needless, so causeless—all this wretchedness that nothing now could change or undo. So little might have prevented it altogether.

'I'll never touch liquor again.' He had said it to himself and to his wife. Had he but kept his word, his life would have been kept in honor and in happiness. But he had broken it, deeming it a slight thing to break a promise, and the breaking of a word had been the opening of a gate that had let in upon his life and upon other lives, the floods of wreck and ruin.

The events that followed came swiftly. As often as some neighbor could bring her into town, Margaret had been coming to visit Dan, for she knew he would not much longer be permitted to remain where he was. His hurt was healing, and in spite of mental anguish he was growing stronger daily.

She came one morning with a covered basket. It held such things as Dan had liked best always, and she had hoped he would be able to eat them.

But Dan's room, when she reached it, was empty. He had been taken away, the nurse said, two days before. There was a note. It was only a line or two—a few abrupt sentences. Margaret's tears fell fast as she noted the weak, tremulous handwriting.

He had determined, so it ran, to make no effort to escape or lighten the punishment of his crime. He had seen a lawyer and had arranged to be taken into court at the earliest possible time, when he would plead guilty and receive the sentence of the law. He would not consent to stand trial. It would only exhaust what little money could be raised on his home, and he had no

defence to make. 'I was drunk when I did it, that's all.'

'Just one thing, Margaret, if you can,' the note ended. 'I have never seen the children, you know, since that day. Perhaps I never will. Kiss them for me and don't let them know where their father is.'

She learned later that it was all over. Upon his appearance in court and his plea of guilty, sentence had been at once pronounced—seven years at hard labor—and the sheriff had already taken him with six others, to the state's prison. Four of the seven had been 'drunk when they did it.'

(To be continued.)

Alcohol as a Food.

Now we have the assurance of two European doctors, as the result of careful experiments made by them, that alcohol is in some sense a food, or will supply to some extent the place of food.

This statement will, no doubt, meet with an emphatic and indignant denial from temperance advocates, as was the case when an American investigator made a similar announcement not long ago.

We think that our friends make a serious mistake in this matter. We think they run the risk of discrediting their own teachings by being forced in time to admit that they were in the wrong. We think, too, that they are weakening the argument in favor of total abstinence and prohibition by putting it on a wrong basis.

If we give people to understand that the argument in favor of total abstinence and prohibition depends upon the assertion that alcohol cannot under any circumstances or in any degree supply the place of food, then the cause we have at heart will be no stronger in their minds than their belief in that dogma, and every such statement as this of these scientific investigators will weaken their faith in the merits of teetotalism, whether the statement is true or not. For most men will be inclined to argue that the scientific investigator is a much higher authority on such a question than the moral reformer, and if the temperance advocates quote scientific authority on their side, it will at best create a conflict of authority that will leave every man at liberty to believe whichever teaching he prefers.

This is exactly the same sort of mistake that the defenders of the Bible made when the geologists first discovered proof that the world had not been brought into its present condition in six days, but through long and slow stages of development: theologians imagined that the authority of the Bible depended on the maintenance of the idea that the six creative days were literal days of twenty-four hours each.

They were forced to abandon that position, but the Bible held its ground and is to-day more popular than ever.

The true position for religious teachers and moral reformers is to leave scientific questions unhesitatingly to scientists. They have nothing to do with such questions, except to learn all they can from the results of scientific investigation and to make the best possible use of these results.

The really essential fact with regard to alcohol cannot be disputed. It is not denied by scientists or by any honest man. This fact is that alcohol is one of the most treacherous of drugs. It has ensnared and ruined—morally, physically and financially—more respectable people in this country than all other drugs combined. It creates its own market by gradually awakening an appetite which nothing else will supply and in time makes a slave of everyone who yields to its fascination. It is admittedly the greatest curse of our people.

This treacherous quality of alcohol is the true reason why all good men should abstain from it and why the state should prohibit its sale for beverage purposes. No man who professes to love his fellow men and seek their good can get away from this argument by saying that he is sure he will never be tempted to take too much; even if he could have a perfect assurance on that point—which no man can have in advance, except possibly those who are so hard headed and cold blooded as to be incapable of yielding to generous impulses. For even if there was no risk to one's self there still remains the fact that to most people the use of alcohol is dangerous, and no really noble hearted man will wish to set an example which he knows will be likely to encourage others in doing that which leads many to their ruin.

No scientist pretends that alcohol is a necessary food.—New York 'Witness.'

Missionary Battle Hymn for the Twentieth Century.

(By Joseph Wilson Barron, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Christian, signal to thy brother,
Pris'ner on the other side;
Go, and quickly, lest another
Take the crown to thee denied.
Haste thee, rest not,
Life's short day will soon have died.

Christian, go, and be victorious,
Tell His story, sing His fame;
Every precious soul is glorious
Not the world is worth the same.
Haste thee, rest not,
Free the captive in His name.

See the battle tide is turning,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Christian, when our lamps are burning
Christ shall claim the laurelled brow.
Haste thee, rest not,
Go, and God be with thee now.

Correspondence

Some very interesting letters have been received recently from our little little friends who read the Correspondence Page, and we are glad to present a number of them to-day. With each of these letters was received a list of names of friends who did not take the 'Messenger,' but would like to receive free copies for a few weeks.—Editor.

South Tilley, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school and am in the Second Primer. I sit beside my little brother, Tommy, in school; he is six years old and is reading in the First Primer. I like my teacher well. I have a little pet kitten that I call Minto. It has a great big brown face and never catches any mice. My little brother got a big Santa Claus at Christmas. LIZZIE MARION W.

Toledo, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very well. I am a little girl, eight years old, and go to school. I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Laughlin ,and I like her very well. I have one sister and three brothers. My sister plays the piano, and my brother plays the violin. I live in Toledo. We have a college here, and it lately got out of debt. My papa is the financial secretary of the College. HOPE HICKS.

South Tilley, N. B.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger' though we have been taking it for some time. I am going to school and am reading in the third book. My teacher's name is Miss McKenzie. For pets I have a cat, named Kitchener, it is black and white. I have a big doll and I call it May. I make dresses for it and it has a set of furs; in the summer I take it out for a ride in its carriage. My little sister is writing to the 'Messenger' too. I will close for this time, hoping to see my letter in print.

BERTHA W. (Aged 10.)

Harriston.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like reading it. As I do not see any letters from any little girl near here, I thought I would write one, as I like reading the letters from other little girls. Gladys W. wondered if any little girl's birthday was on the same day as hers, Aug. 2. Mine is . I was eight years old on my last birthday. I go to school and I am in the senior second book. I have not been to school all week; it has been stormy. My teacher's name is Miss Lavin. We had a social in our church; I was in a dialogue and I said a recitation. I hope I will see my letter in the 'Messenger.' I have three brothers and no sisters.

ANNIE BURROWS.

Braeside, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and we all like it very much. I go to school every day and am in the fourth book. I have read a good many books. Some of them are 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Three Boys in the Wild North Land,' 'Boy Slaves,' 'The Original Robinson Crusoe,' 'Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Gorilla Hunters,' etc. My great grand uncle was burned in a barn in the Irish Rebellion of 1798-99. My favorite subjects at school are history and geography. My only pet is a dog, named Hero. I have five brothers and one sister. Four of my brothers work on the railway. I will now close, wishing the 'Messenger' every success. L. E.

Piperville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We have taken the 'Messenger' and 'Witness' for a long time. I like them very much. I would like my ten little friends to get it. My grandpa and grandma took the Montreal 'Witness' ever since it was printed. I think it is over fifty years. Mamma reads the stories in the 'Messenger' for us children at bed time. I am ten years old, and in the fourth book. I have four brothers and one sister. My sister's birthday comes on April 5; she is eight years old, the same as Wesley W. I. Our baby was three years old on St. Valentine's Day. My granpapa, Magee, is 71 years of age. He is going to the North-West to farm. He is starting in the spring.

H. E. McLATCHIE.

BEATRICE J. W.
Mount Rose, N. S.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from Mount Rose, I thought I would write one. Mount Rose is about two miles from Port Lorn, which is a very pretty place. Many visitors come here in the summer, from the United States and elsewhere. I am in the seventh grade at school; there are nine grades in our school; our teacher's name is Mr. Richardson; we like him very much. I am twelve years old. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, June 29. I received a Bible for getting a club of four subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' and think it is a very nice one. Thank you very much for it. I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. My father keeps the post-office; he has kept it for about seven years. I would like to write to Lottie Allen if she would please write first. My address is:

LINA WHITMAN,
Mount Rose,
Annapolis Co., N. S.

Fulton Brook, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Northern Messenger' that any one could send a dozen names of their friends and I thought I would send you some. We have Sunday-school here in the summer, but we have none in the winter. I am in the primary class. My oldest sister is teaching school, a short distance from here. I go to school in the summer and study reading, writing,

spelling, geography, grammar, health reader, and arithmetic. I am very fond of reading; I have read quite a number of books. I have one grandmother living; she comes to visit us sometimes. My grandfather died about a year ago. My papa and two oldest brothers are in the lumber woods. My papa keeps the post-office.

EDNA E. FULTON, (Aged 12.)

Caledonia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' four years and like it very much. I do not think I could do without it now. Although it was good before, it is very much better since it is enlarged. The story 'Twenty Percent' is very good. I don't think any boy who reads the 'Messenger' will ever grow up to be a drunkard. I am very fond of reading and get books from a public library. My favorite authors are Henty, Ballantyne, Stables, Frith and Kingston. I go to the High School and am in the second form. We go to the lake in the summer to spend a few days. Along the lake shore it is very cool and pleasant. In the fall we go and gather nuts down the river. We have a phonograph and we have had a great deal of pleasure out of it this winter. I can work it myself.

ROY HARRIS (Aged 13.)

Glenmorris, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to your paper, but I got sick and could not write till now. We have a large white brick school and there were about thirty going after Christmas, but the number got as low as three last week, and the teacher had to close school because the measles were so bad. I had them, too. I am in the third book and like grammar the best of my studies. I like to read the stories in the 'Northern Messenger.' St. Mary's is the farthest I have ever been from home. Our schoolhouse has a furnace and a basement in it, and we play in the basement in the winter time. There is one little girl I like better than the rest at school. She gave me a pretty plate on my birthday, and a needle-case worked with silk at Christmas. I have a sister living in Southern California. JEAN S. (Aged 9.)

Bridgetown, N. S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. Among the letters I never see any from Bridgetown; perhaps you would like to know about its situation. It is situated on the Annapolis River and lies between the North and South Mountain. It is a very busy town for its size. There are factories and foundries. The storekeepers carry on a large trade in groceries and dry goods. A new brick schoolhouse is to be erected in the spring. I go to school every day. I am in the sixth grade. I have no pets, but uncle has a fine colt; its name is Prince. Seeing the letter from the Editor to the girls and boys that any one might send the names of a dozen boys and girls who do not take the 'Northern Messenge,' I thought I would write.

ELIZA A. BRIMTRIE.

Stanton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letter from around here in your paper, so I thought I would write. I live on a farm which my grandfather cleared fifty years ago. Both grandfather and grandmother are seventy-three years old and are married fifty years. They have eleven of the family all living and all married. Father is the oldest and he is fifty. I have over seventy cousins all living, and there are only five of them married. My father owns two hundred and seventy acres of land and has seven horses. We have forty-five head of cattle and some pigs. I have three brothers and two sisters and I am the youngest. One of my brothers took the first class certificate at High School last year and is now teaching school. I go to school nearly every day and passed the entrance last July. I take music lessons and I think I would like to be a music teacher when I get older. When I was about five years old I went to Toronto, and when I was seven I was at Sault Ste. Marie. I was at Toronto again when I was ten and stayed two weeks with my aunt who lives there. My birthday is on June 22, and I will be twelve years old.

EMMA B. H.

Beaverton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I take the privilege of your kind offer to send it to some of my friends here. I am sure if they think as much of it as I do they will soon become subscribers to it. We also take the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' and a lot of other papers, but the 'Messenger' is my favorite. I am a girl, twelve years old. I am in the fourth grade. I can't boast of pets like some other children, but I have a dear little baby brother which I think a lot of; he is nearly two years old. I have two brothers grown up men and six sisters. In the summer we are kept very busy; my Pa raises strawberries, some days we pick nearly one thousand boxes. I must tell you also I belong to the 'Little Beaver's Mission Band,' in connection with the Presbyterian Church. We are making an autograph quilt; I started out to collect names for it one day last week. I got 26 names at ten cents each. I thought I did pretty well. I had quite a distance to walk between the houses in the country on a cold day.

WINNIFRED BARRETT.

Coverdale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen many letters in the 'Messenger' from this place, I thought that I would write one. I live on a farm near the Petitcodiac River. This river is noted for its bore, or tidal wave, which comes up the river twice a day. Sometimes the wave is very large and makes a loud roaring noise which can be heard for a mile. This is a great curiosity to those who have never seen the bore, and many people come to Moncton to see it. Moncton is about nine miles from here and the tide is much larger there than here, as it is nearer the mouth of the river. I belong to the Methodist Church. It is about three miles from here. We have Sunday-school in the church in summer, but the scholars are all so far from the church that we do not have any in winter. I have three sisters and one brother. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for about five years and like it very much. We have tried to get others to take it, but have not succeeded in getting very many. I will close wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

MARTHA E. GASKIN.

South Tilley, N. B.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about three years. I enjoy reading the Correspondence very much, and as I have not written before I thought I would try this time. I am going to school and am reading in the fifth book; my favorite study is geography. We have not a very large school as it is in the country. I have five brothers and six sisters; one of my sisters is going to P. N. S. Two of my brothers were out in Assiniboia, and came home this winter. We have fine times coasting and skating. There is lovely ice here now. I cannot skate very well yet but am going to learn as soon as possible. This is a very pretty place in summer. We have a Sunday-school here, but it is closed now for the winter months. My teacher's name is Miss McKenzie and we all like her very much. We had a Christmas tree here this year, my brothers and sisters got quite a number of presents. I have a little work to do now as I am the oldest of the girls at home; this is my first year's experience and I find it quite hard, but I suppose we all have our work to do. I have not got a bicycle yet, but expect to have one next summer. My youngest brother's name is Thomas Edison.

Manion.

Dear Editor,—I would like to tell you and the children who read this page a story of my ancestors, as my grandma (mother's mother) told it to me. When she was a girl of ten and my granpa was a boy of twenty-one their parents sailed from Ireland, about the same time, but not on the same ship; the ship grandma came in was almost wrecked by a big storm, for the great mast was broken and fell over on the side of the deck which caused the ship to fall over to that side, but the sailors hurried and cut the ropes and the men helped them to heave it out into the sea. The passengers, who were hatched down, were awfully frightened and were all praying to be saved from drowning, and so they were, as they landed at Quebec, after being six weeks at sea. Then when the waggons were loaded with their boxes grandpa took grandma up in his arms and set her on top of the load and they drove off, not expecting to meet again. But seven years later while grandma was visiting a friend, thirty miles from her home, she met my grandpa again, and in a year from that time they were married.

RUDSDALE A. ROBINSON (Aged 10.)

P.S.—Grandma's father was a soldier, and in one battle a bullet struck his knapsack and pierced through the cover and half way into his Bible.

[What an interesting letter. Ed.]

Brockway, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and take advantage of your offer in last 'Messenger,' and try to have it sent to some of my friends. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year and we all like it. I am attending the school in this place and hope to be a teacher myself some day. We have a Maple Leaf Society. We have an hour every Friday afternoon, from three till four o'clock. Every member is supposed to give a song, recitation or reading. The secretary writes the report of each meeting. The programme is prepared by the committee. All the members (every scholar is one) wears a badge. It is very pretty here in summer and is quite a good farming district. In winter we have lots of skating and good roads for sleighing. The village is situated on both banks of the Magaguadaire River. The lumbermen haul their logs to this river, and in the spring, they are floated down to the mills situated near the mouth of the river. A new bridge is being erected over this river now. I spent my Christmas holidays in St. Andrews, the shiretown of Charlotte County. This town is very prettily situated on Passamaquoddy Bay, and is a popular summer resort. I will now stop, hoping this will not reach the waste-basket land, and I will be so far successful as to have your very interesting paper sent for a few weeks to some of my friends.

GEORGIE V. DAVIS.

Egmondville.

Dear Editor,—I have thought for a long time of writing to the Correspondence column of the 'Northern Messenger.' As it is the first time I have ever written a letter to a paper to be printed, I was a little afraid to begin, but I thought I would try any way. I must tell you that we get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school; a kind gentleman supplies our Sunday-school with them. I think it is very kind of him, he must be interested in us boys and girls. He is one of our Church Elders too; it is the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school I go to. I saw in your issue of Feb. 7 where you said that if any little boy or girl would send you a list of a dozen boys' or girls' names, that you would send them the paper containing the letter and a few copies more, free of charge. I will send you a few names, but there are not many round here as they mostly all go to Sunday-school and get it there; but I will send you some of my cousins' and second cousins' names and some other little friends. Mamma and sister and I used to find the Texts in the Find-the-Place Almanac, and we liked to hunt them up. We take the Montreal 'Weekly Witness' at our place and I like the Boys' Page. I have not been to school all this week, because it has been so stormy. We have a lady teacher and like her very much, she has never whipped any of us yet; she has been with us six months. I study arithmetic, history, grammar, geography, agriculture and physiology, and I am in the fourth book, and for sport, at school, we take our sleds and coast down the river bank that is near the school and we sometimes skate on the river, too, and in the summer time, we play football and baseball. When I am at home I have to help to attend to the cattle and horses, pigs and hens; I also have to attend to carrying in of the wood and water, so you may know I am kept busy and cannot get into mischief. S. P. M.

NOTE.

Julia B. Patten and several other friends are warmly thanked for letting us know where the piece called the 'Chest with the Broken Lock' was to be found.

HOUSEHOLD.

Marrying Men to Reform Them.

It is not so much the fashion with the girls of this generation as it was with women of earlier times to accept offers of marriage from dissipated suitors, and in spite of parental prayers and denunciation to marry the men to reform them; still the custom has not entirely disappeared, and it may not be amiss, therefore, to draw attention to the recently published findings of a certain neurologist. The high average of nine women being shot at by lovers or husbands within the short space of four months in a certain American city led this student of human life to investigate each individual case, and as a result he published the statement that eight out of the nine attempts on the lives of the women—nearly all of which were fatal—were made by men addicted to drink, and who fortified themselves with potations when they set out to do their shooting. It is pointed out that, although these figures apply only to one city, that they can justly be taken as typical of an agreement that must be appalling. If the account were summed up each year for the whole country of the number of women and men stabbed, shot or beaten to death by drunken assailants, the total would be a staggering blow, to our pretensions that we are in a position as a nation to start out to evangelize the world.—'Vogue.'

Use for Scraps of Tin.

A two-horse load of tin clippings was being transferred to the rear basement of a prominent hotel. It had come from a can-factory and the narrow, curling strips had become so twisted and intertwined as to form a conglomerate mass that was moved with the greatest difficulty by two sturdy fellows with stable-forks.

A bystander who was curious enough to inquire what use a swell hotel had for such truck was answered by an attaché of the house: 'We use it for rats. I mean the big, gray fellows with whiskers. The hotel rat is bigger, bolder and wiser than any other rat. He laughs at traps, fattens on poison and the killing or chasing of dogs, cats and ferrets is his pet diversion. Even when energetic measures have rid us of the pests they are with us again in augmented force within a day or two. They will tunnel through almost anything for incredible distances. It is their boring ability that has given us so much trouble hitherto. No matter how we closed up their passage-ways, the routes were promptly reopened. Filling the holes with broken glass was considered a good scheme until we found that with marvellous patience they removed the glass piece by piece.

'But we think we've got them now. With this tangled-up tin we construct a sort of abatis, covering all places where the beasts are likely to enter our cellars. They can't get through it. They can't chew it and they can't carry it away as they do broken bottles, for when Mr. Rat takes hold of a single strip of the tin he finds it an inseparable part of a net-work weighing many pounds.'—Philadelphia 'Record.'

An Inexpensive Rug.

The rug described is 2½ x 4 feet. It is made of burlap, or what is commonly called gunny sacking. It can be got at almost any stores in any quantity, especially in furniture stores and at the grocery. Three yards, if of full width, is enough to make it. The burlap is first colored any desired shade or color, two packages of dye being sufficient. Cut the burlap in strips about five inches wide and ravel from both sides, leaving about an inch unravelled through the centre. Double this through the middle and lay on the edge of the burlap, which is used for a foundation, and sew on. It is best to sew with a machine, as it is held firmer than if sewed by hand. Sew on the next trip, letting the ravelled edges lap over the first far enough to cover the foundation and full enough to stand up well. Continue in this way until the centre of the rug is reached, then commence and fill in the other side. By using two shades of the same color a very pretty effect is produced. Two shades of green make a good imitation of grass, and is very pretty for a bay window with flowers.—'N. E. Homestead.'

When I Have Time.

When I have time so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded with care;
I'll help to lift them from their despair,
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with sweetest words of praise.
When I have time.

When you have time—the friend you loved so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you have time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.
—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Mother's Training.

It takes years of training to be able to properly extract a tooth or to fill a cavity in the same. It requires days and nights of painstaking study to fit a man or a woman for any one of the professions; but a fitness for the solemn and sacred duties of motherhood is supposed to come by instinct or by intuition. However, the procession of children that are marching towards the children's hospital, the multitudes that are enfeebled in body and mind, and enslaved by soul and body destroying habits, and the enormous demand for cigarettes and liquor by the youth of our land, all testify to the fact that this essential knowledge is not acquired in this manner. When the subject of cookery shall be regarded as essential a part of a young woman's education as the study of geography, when the young mother learns how to properly care for a nursing bottle so that it shall not endanger the life of the infant every time it uses it, and a score of more things equally important, then and not until then, we may hope that half the woe and sickness and misery that is to-day so widespread among the infants and children may be banished.—'Union Signal.'

Selected Recipes.

Brown-Bread Roll.—Mix thoroughly one cup of sifted rye meal, one cup of fine granulated wheat or fine Graham flour, half a cup of granulated yellow corn meal, half a cup of bread flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one rounding teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of soda. Then pour in half a cup of molasses and one pint of sweet milk. Grease four small baking powder cans, half-pound size, fill them about half full with the batter, cover and steam two hours.

For plain onion pickles let the onions (after peeling) lie in salted water over night. A teacupful of salt will be sufficient for four quarts of water. Rinse in clear water two or three times, letting them stand in the last water half an hour. Then drain for an hour or two, and pack them in jars with spices (whole cloves, stick cinnamon, pepper corns and allspice), allowing a teaspoonful of each—except the cinnamon, of which we use a little more—to each quart jar, adding chopped celery or celery seed if liked, or spices may be omitted if desired. Then scald sufficient good vinegar to fill the jars full, pouring on when boiling hot. Cover and keep cool and dry.

READING ROOMS.

Libraries and Reading Rooms not already subscribing to 'World Wide' may have it on application for a six weeks trial, free of charge. Subscribers will kindly make this known and oblige the publishers.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.
Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.
Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.
Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

Advertisements.

The Famous Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit.

THE IDEAL FOOD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Is made from the whole Wheat Berry.
Is Light without Yeast or Baking Powder.
Is a Pure Food THOROUGHLY Cooked. Ready to Eat.
Contains all the Nutriment of the Whole Wheat.

Ask mother to send postal card for Free Illustrated Cook Book, descriptive of the natural health-making and health-preserving food to

J. HEWITT,
61 Front Street East, Toronto.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.
EUREKA HARNESS OIL
Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by
Imperial Oil Company.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

rible shock continued, and her chastened beauty grew sweeter. She simply lived for her sister's happiness.

During all those years Basil Stainton had worked hard as a poor curate, but in his case hard work did at last receive due recognition, for he was offered and accepted the living of an important parish.

Basil remained true to his word, and faithful to his first love, and he never married.

Years had gone by when, accidentally, he met both Winnie and her sister at a London railway station. The meeting at first was naturally embarrassing, but the feeling of restraint soon wore off, and something of the old intimacy had returned to them. That was only the first of several meetings, but the clergyman studiously avoided any reference to the past. He was struck, however, with the beauty of his old 'fiancée,' and yet it was utterly unlike the sweet girlish beauty that had first won his affection. It seemed like the beauty of a summer's evening when nature dwells in a hallowed calm, and seems to worship with folded hands.

They had talked together of many things, and the clergyman held her he still loved so much by the hand in farewell, for he was about returning to his northern home.

'May I ask a question, Winnie? he said, fixing a hungry look of love upon her beautiful face.

'Yes, Basil, she replied.

'Well, I want to ask whether your secret is still a forbidden matter.'

Winnie's face flushed crimson, and she was deeply agitated.

'Forgive me,' he said, with a sob. 'I ought not to have troubled you; I promise —' he was continuing.

'It is not that, Basil,' she stammered. 'You have a right to know why I outraged your love years ago, but I dread to confess my shame.'

The sad-hearted, though victorious woman then told him all, and the clergyman bowed his head and mourned as he listened to the sad, sad story of a woman's agony, and yet he rejoiced with her in her victory.

'Winnie,' he exclaimed, as he clasped her in his arms, 'you are sweeter and holier to me than the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. You have been the victim of cruel heredity, but the grace of God, that has kept you for so many years, will still keep you from your old temptation. Why did you not tell me your secret before? Perhaps I could have saved you earlier,' he said.

* * * * * * * * *

In a London Church a double wedding was celebrated; Winifred Hilderton was married to the Rev. Basil Stainton, Vicar of ——, and, at the same time, Patience Hilderton was married to a gentleman who had for many years been an intimate friend of the Rev. Basil Stainton.

A Touch.

A living coal! And with its glow
It touched another coal, when lo,
The dark form into radiance grew,
And light and cheer beamed forth anew.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Voice of Science.

The well-known Viennese clinician, Prof. Max Kassowitz, asserts that the dogma concerning the nourishing and strengthening character of alcohol is one of the fatal errors of science. He holds the view that the majority of physicians take up an inconsistent position with regard to the use of alcohol, for the reason that while they are well aware of its dangerous and poisonous qualities, they nevertheless contribute to making permanent the false ideas concerning the value and effects of alcohol which are so generally disseminated. Kassowitz explains these inconsistencies on the ground that the teaching which considers alcohol a food, because it is burned in the organism, has held its ground in spite of many disregarded newer investigations which have shown its indefensibility. He is, therefore, of the opinion that the assumption ascribing food properties to alcohol based on simple theoretical consideration is a grave scientific error, the removal of which is the most important preliminary condition to an effectual battle against alcoholism.

The common use of alcohol as an aid to digestion, in the form of port wine, various domestic wines, champagne, after-dinner toddy, brandy-and-egg before breakfast, and in various other ways, although supported by the time-honored custom of both the medical profession and the laity, when examined in the light of scientific facts, is found wanting even a single leg upon which to stand. Roberts, of England, clearly showed more than a dozen years ago that alcohol in any considerable quantity diminishes the activity of the gastric ferments upon albumen. The writer showed by carefully conducted laboratory experiments, the results of which were published in the 'Bulletin,' August, 1896, that two ounces of brandy taken with an ordinary test meal convert normal digestion into hypopepsia of an extremely low degree, while eight ounces of port wine produced the same effect, only to a slightly less extent. The results of experiments recently published by Laborde in the 'Analyst' confirmed these observations. —Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Boston.

There's Poison in That Glass.

A FACT.

(By Mrs. J. Collins.)

Two young men from the far West were on board a train the night before Christmas going East to spend the holidays with friends.

They evidently started out with the determination of enjoying themselves, no matter who might be annoyed by their jesting and profanity. At midnight, when some of the passengers were trying to sleep, the noise of glasses was heard—one of the party was taking from his satchel a bottle from which he poured into a glass the fiery liquid. As he sat looking at it 'giving its color in the cup,' a lady sitting near said in solemn tones, 'Young man, "there's poison in that glass."' Immediately all eyes were turned toward him as he sat pale and motionless, holding the glass before him. His companion said with much feeling, 'That is true, and I have been drinking poison all my life.' The thought seemed to trouble him and he put the glass aside.

Science proves that alcohol is a poison. It never changes in the system, but remains alcohol. It is shunned and cast out as an enemy.

It is not food for mind or body; on the contrary, it destroys the mind, shatters the nerves, vitiates the blood, and, worse than all, ruins soul and body.

Young man, are you willing to run the risk for momentary gratification of taking a glass? It may be the fatal glass! Stop and consider. A single glass of liquor has brought many a young man to the penitentiary or gallows.

Then flee to the Saviour; ask to be delivered from the evil appetite; seek forgiveness, and he will hear and answer in peace.

'Delirium Trimmings.'

Learning that liquor was being supplied to ladies by a firm of dressmakers in Dublin and charged in the bill as 'trimmings,' the Dean of the Chapel Royal paid a visit of inspection and remonstrated with the offenders. If they must call the drink trimmings, he added, let them be honest about it and call it 'delirium trimmings.'

KINDLY TELL THE PREACHER.

Any clergyman not already subscribing to 'World Wide' may have it on trial for six weeks, free of charge. By kindly making this known to your minister you will oblige the publishers.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issu Feb. 22, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance—New York 'Evening Post
What Can Russia do?—New York 'Sun.'
A Notable Diplomatist—'M.A.P.,' London.
The Conan Doyle Propaganda—Letter in 'The Mail,' London.
Russia and Finland—Special Correspondence of the 'Morning Post,' London
Why Parliament Can't Work—By Alfred Kinnear in 'Daily News,' London.
Dragomans and Dragomans—By Ex-Attache in New York 'Tribune.'
The Educational Value of News—New York 'Times.'
Vulgarity of Modernors—Abridged from the London 'Chronicle.'
Social Unrest in Australia—The Traveller, London.
The Moral Drug Stores—'Punch
Columbia's Electric Tyrant—New York 'Sun

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Adelaide Ristori—'The Speaker,' London.
'Ulysses' at Her Majesty's Theatre—Criticisms in the London Weeklies: 'The Spectator,' 'The Pilot,' 'The Academy,' and 'The Speaker.'
An Art-for-School's Ally—By Charles Mulford Robinson, in 'The Nation,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY

Queens—Poem, by William Watson, in 'The Speaker,' London
Lachin Ha Own Name—Poem, by Professor Carruth, in 'Lippincott's' in 'The Academy,' London.
The Two Prayers—Poem by John MacFarlane, in 'Presbyterian College Journal.'
Boys and Pictures—By Moses Leggart, in the Springfield 'Republican.'
Finland as It is—'The Athenaeum,' London.
'Shakespeare's Ladies'—Birmingham 'Daily Post'
Charles Dickens—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Daily News,' London
Age of Newspapers of New York—'Printers' Ink.'
The Ideal of Love—Extract from sermon by Horace Bushnell.
Sermons of the Late Professor Davidson—'Westminster Budget.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Too Great a Sacrifice—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Limitations of Wireless Telegraphy—The Manchester 'Guardian'
Fluctuations in Lake Levels—Cleveland 'Plain Dealer.'
Man in the Upper Atmosphere—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'
How High Can a Balloon Rise?—From 'Harper's Magazine.'

'WORLD WIDE
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 16, 1902.

The Ethiopian Converted.

Acts viii., 26-40. Memory verses 36-37. Read Isaiah liii.

Golden Text.

'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.'—Romans x., 10.

Daily Readings.

Monday, March 10.—Acts viii., 26-40.
Tuesday, March 11.—Isa. liii.
Wednesday, March 12.—Psa. lxviii., 28-35.
Thursday, March 13.—Psa. cxix., 9-24.
Friday, March 14.—1 Pet. i., 1-12.
Saturday, March 15.—Matt. iii., 7-17.
Sunday, March 16.—Rom. vi., 1-11.

Lesson Text.

(29) Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. (30) And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? (31) And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. (32) The place of the Scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: (33) In his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth. (34) And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? (35) Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. (36) And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water; and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? (37) And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. (38) And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. (39) And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing.

Suggestions.

After the converts at Samaria had received the Holy Spirit, Peter and John went back to Jerusalem preaching the Gospel to many of the Samaritan villages on the way. Then the word of the Lord came to Philip telling him to go down to the desert place southwest of Jerusalem where the road ran down to Gaza. Philip may have wondered why God should send him away from this great revival in this large and needy city which was such a good centre for evangelistic work, but he obeyed God unquestioningly. The people in Samaria had now a good chance to hear the Gospel from those of their own number who had been saved and filled with the Holy Spirit, and these needed the strength which comes from helping others.

Philip arose and went, he did not wait for God to speak twice to him, neither did he try to escape in another direction as Jonah did, but in simple unquestioning obedience he set out at once upon his journey. When he got to the southern road, he saw a chariot coming along, and in it sat a man reading aloud to himself. The man was an officer of state under Queen Candace of Meroë, Africa, and he had been up to worship at Jerusalem. The Holy Spirit told Philip to run and get close to the chariot. Philip did not pause to argue about the propriety of attaching himself to this nobleman, he simply obeyed. And as he got near the chariot he heard the man reading aloud from the book of Isaiah, so he called and asked him whether he understood what he was reading. The rich man did not answer proudly that that was none of Philip's business, instead he meekly begged him to get up into the chariot and explain it to him if he could. Meekness is a sign of greatness of mind, and the man who is willing to take instruction from the humblest follower of Christ is on the way to a greater store of knowledge than he who seeks to find it all out for himself for God reveals different truths to different souls.

It was the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah that the Ethiopian was reading, no doubt when at Jerusalem he had heard rumors of the claims of Jesus, of his crucifixion and resurrection, and of the wonderful miracles which were now being wrought in his name, and of the thousands who believed in him as the Messiah. He was led by no sudden impulse, but being a thoughtful man, he decided to study for himself all that the Holy Scriptures had to say on the subject. This description of the humiliation of the Coming One puzzled him greatly. So he asked Philip what the prophet meant and Philip joyfully took that very passage, and from it preached Jesus to the open-hearted African. Before long the sincere mind was convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and with joy confessed his faith, and as they came to a stream the eunuch asked Philip to baptize him there, and he was baptized and confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in the presence of all his retinue. Then the African went on his way rejoicing in the Lord, and when he reached home he no doubt, proclaimed the Gospel to his own people for the soul that is truly filled with the love of God cannot help testifying to his grace and power.

God sent a little bit of foreign missionary work into Philip's life, he allowed him to help the African noblemen out into the light of the Gospel, and that man must have won many of his people whom Philip himself would never have been able to reach. So, to some of us who are not called to the faraway lands, God sends little opportunities of foreign missionary work; perhaps it is the teaching of a Chinaman, and by patient endeavoring and prayer, seeking to lead him to the Saviour, if you can get him to give himself to God he may do more for his people than you ever could. It may be that your opportunity is to write cheering letters to some lonely missionary out in the foreign field. It may be that your opportunity is to form a little circle for prayer and study of missions, for without prayer all missionary effort is useless. Perhaps God will give you the opportunity to win some soul to him for service in the foreign field. Perhaps he may let you give the money to send some one else. Do not miss the opportunity whatever it is. Ask God to open your eyes to it, and be very obedient when he speaks.

Questions.

What did God tell Philip to do?
How did Philip obey?
What did he find in the desert?
What was this man reading?
Of whom was it a description?
What did Philip do?
What did the African do when he believed?

C. E. Topic.

Sun. ,March 16.—Topic.—A noble purpose.—Dan. 1., 8-20. (Temperance meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

MISSIONARIES AND THE WORLD.

Mon., March 10.—They bring peace.—Ps. xxxvii., 11.

Tues., March 11.—They destroy idolatry.—Isa. xlii., 17.

Wed., March 12.—They draw to Christ.—Zech. ii., 11.

Thu., March 13.—They bring light.—Isa. ix., 2.

Fri., March 14.—They cause fear of God.—Ps. xxxiii., 8.

Sat., March 15.—They bring strength.—2 Cor. xvi., 9.

Sun., March 16.—Topic.—How missionaries help the world.—Acts viii., 26-38.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Faithful to Our Pledge.

Recitation for Four Boys.

First Boy.

We know not, we see not the future
  Nor guess what the years shall impart,
But we'll try to be faithful temperance boys,
  Working on with a fearless heart.
We'll work for the cause of the right
  Wherever our path may be,
All fast in the temperance fight,
  All looking for victory.

Second Boy.

Some, some may be out on the ocean,
  A-sailing the billows so wide,
Jack Tars, hearts of oak, jolly sailors,
  Afloat on the blue, blue tide;
But we'll work for the cause of right,
  With a zeal that is ever new,
Till the crew shall arise in might
  On the side of the glad and true.

Third Boy.

And some may be village blacksmiths,
  Klink-klank, when the anvil rings,
And some may be merry ploughboys,
  At work when the skylark sings,
But we'll work for the cause of right,
  And we'll walk in the temperance way,
Till at last shall dawn on our sight
  The gladsome triumph day!

Fourth Boy.

Or some of our band of helpers
  May stand on law's battlefield,
And, fighting 'neath our banner,
  Refuse to shrink or yield;
For we'll work for the cause of right,
  And surrender we will not know,
And the Temperance flag, so bright,
  Will be shining where'er we go.

All Four Boys.

Yes, yes, wherever it be we labor
  And whatever our life work be,
We mean to be steadfast abstainers,
  The band of the blest and free.
And we'll work for the cause of right,
  Till drink never more hath sway;
Now, now with temperance boys unite,
  Take the pledge and be true alway.

—'League Journal.'

Tobacco in the Colleges.

Some study as to the effects of tobacco on students in college is being made in various places. Out of the highest scholarship men in Yale, only five percent use tobacco. Of those who get no appointments sixty percent use it. The inference Dr. Seaver, director of the physical laboratory of Yale, draws, is that it is those with a lower grade of intellect in general who use tobacco. The higher and more normally developed students do not have a craving for it. Perfectly healthy people, it is believed, have neither a craving for tobacco nor alcohol. Our best athletes are good illustrations. The probable truth is that those who use the weed to a certain extent paralyze their aspirations to high attainments and are content without striving for that which is the noblest and best.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Frisky.

(By Marian Isabel Hurrell, in 'Early Days.')

'Frisky ! you naughty, naughty dog! What have you done?' and little Flossie Merton, as she said these words, threw out her arms with a gesture of dismay.

Upon the floor lay Miss Araminta Sophia, her last new dollie, whom, on account of her waxen charms, she had greatly prized. But now, alas! her beauty was gone for ever, as her broken nose and poor, bruised face testified.

It was in vain that Frisky, who was the culprit, lifted his paw in pleading fashion. Flossie was merciless, for the naughty little doggie (who had been strictly forbidden to play with her dolls) was guilty of disobedience. A pretty story book had also come to grief owing to Frisky's very frisky ways.

'I shall never forgive you, Frisky —never, never!' cried Flossie. 'Get out of my sight, you horrid, bad dog!' At these words Frisky, with downcast air, slowly and sadly left the room.

Flossie Merton was an only child, and it must be confessed that she was far too fond of her own way—a fact which occasionally led her into trouble, as circumstances proved.

On the day following Frisky's disgrace, Flossie was amusing herself in the garden with one of her numerous family of dolls—not Araminta, for, owing to shock to the system, she was still very much indisposed.

'I'm tired of playing in the garden,' said she to herself; 'I shall go for a walk in the meadows, and get some wild flowers.'

Now, as Flossie well knew, her mother had strictly forbidden her to go into the fields by herself; but so self-willed was this little maid, that in spite of all she determined to go.

'Nobody will see me,' she murmured to herself; 'I can slip out at the back gate.'

Ah! Flossie had forgotten for the moment the little verse she had learned at her mother's knee — 'Thou God seest me.' It came back to her afterwards, however, in a moment of great peril.

'All unconscious of harm or danger, the child started on her way, and Frisky, who was standing near, prepared to follow.

'How dare you, sir!' she said severely. 'Go back at once. I am not going to have a disobedient dog with me.'

At these words Friskey looked

IN VAIN FRISKY LIFTED HIS PAW IN PLEADING FASHION.

very glum, and, could he have spoken, I think he would have said: 'I know someone else who is disobedient, too!'

Away went Flossie, singing a little song to herself, though it must be admitted she was not without certain qualms of conscience. After she had gone some little distance, Frisky cautiously followed, determined not to be deprived of a gambol in the meadows.

'Bless me, Jack! what a row that dog's making, to be sure ! Run along, and see what's the matter.'

The gypsy who thus spoke was standing at the door of the caravan, leisurely smoking a pipe. His son, a sturdy lad of about sixteen years of age, guided by the sound of a dog's vociferous barking, immediately made his way towards the stream that ran through the meadow in which the gypsy cara van was situated.

'Bow-wow !' barked the dog (which was none other than little Frisky), as he bounded to meet the gypsy lad, and then rushed forward again like a wild thing towards the water.

The boy hurriedly followed; and it was well that he did so. A bitter cry of distress rang through the air, and then he realized that a child was in peril of drowning.

Alas! little Flossie, in trying to

reach some wild flowers on the bank of the stream, had fallen into the deep water,and but for Frisky's timely alarm she must have perished. She was just sinking a second time when Jack the gypsy plunged in to her rescue, and brought her in safety to the bank.

Needless to say that the gypsy boy was amply rewarded for his courage. And as for little Flossie, she had learnt a lesson in obedience she would not easily forget.

A Long Tongue.

Wouldn't you think that yours was a long tongue if it was as long as your whole body? asks Olive Thorne Miller, who knows so much about animals of all kinds, and tells the things she knows in the way all children want to hear them. Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow who lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. You see, he is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them and might starve to death, only he can dart out his tongue quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of the droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches.

The little animal that I speak of is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like big beads on the side of his head; and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways, so as to see all round him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small fly which can escape these sharp eyes.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Winter Song

1. Who cares for the winter?
Who cares for the snow?
We'll wrap ourselves warmly,
And off we will go.

2. Jack Frost may pursue us,
And give us a chase.
We'll run all the faster
And laugh in his face.

3. Let those shake and shiver,
Who fear his sharp sting.
We'll both sing his praises,
And make the air ring.

4. So mount on my shoulder,
My bonnie wee lass.
And wave a gay greeting
To all whom we pass.

L.B.C.

Don't Be Cross.

Bishop Brooks was much attached to children, and had many familiar acquaintances among them. In one family whom he sometimes visited there were four children, and they loved to gather around him, the younger two sitting one on each knee, and the older two leaning one on each shoulder. He would talk with them in this position for a long time, entering into all their childish affairs apparently with no less interest than was shown by the children. On one occasion a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, was telling him of some childish grievance, and concluded her story with the words: 'It made me real cross.'

'Cross,' exclaimed the bishop; 'why, C——, I didn't suppose you were ever cross.'

'Wouldn't you be cross,' replied the child, 'if anybody had treated you so?'

'I don't know whether I would or not,' said the bishop; 'perhaps I should if it would do any good. Did it make you feel any better?'

'No,' said the girl.

'Did it make anybody feel any better?'

'No,' came the answer again, hesitatingly.

'Then,' said the bishop, 'I don't see any sense at all in being cross, and wouldn't be again if I were you.'—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

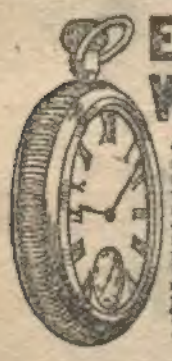
A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

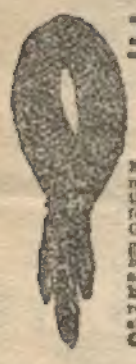
Advertisements.



Earn This Watch

by selling at 10c. each only 3 dozen

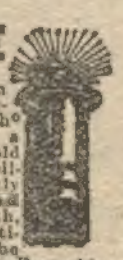
Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. They are something everybody needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with silver nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write us to-day.
THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 407, TORONTO, ONTARIO.



FUR RUFF FREE

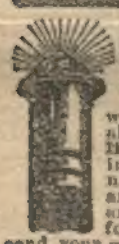
Earn this handsome Fur Ruff, 22 inches long, made of selected skins, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real pretty head and tail, for selling at 15c. each, only 16 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Our agents are delighted with them. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this warm stylish Ruff postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 404, TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE



8 Beautiful **Opals** that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring given for selling at 10c. each only 10 **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid.
HOME SPECIALTY CO., BOX 402 Toronto.

PERCUSSION GUN FREE



Given for selling at 10c each only 15 **Jewel Top Lead Pencils** full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like Wildfire.** This splendid Ride is 25 inches long, of the latest model, with bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer, and polished wood stock. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs and darts. Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.80 and we send your gun with 100 percussion caps, all charges paid. **Home Specialty Co., Box 431 Toronto.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $20.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid.
THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 49 TORONTO

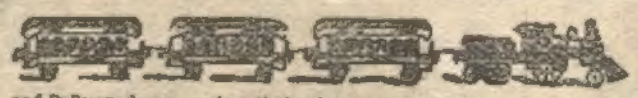
MAGIC LANTERN

with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. gold-topped ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **GOLDALOID CO., BOX 419 TORONTO.**

FREE OPAL AND DIAMOND

Elegant gold-finished **Ring** richly and elaborately engraved, set with a large, beautifully colored imitation Opal, surrounded by 10 brilliant flashing Electric Diamonds. Looks worth $50.00. Given for selling only 1 doz. large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we send this magnificent Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 451 Toronto.**

Advertisements.



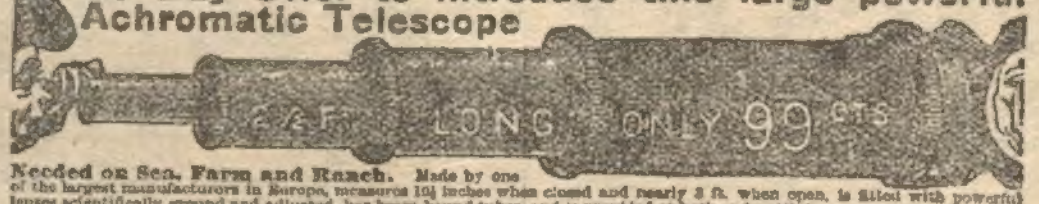
FREE Lightning Express.—

Runs by clockwork. Consists of an up-to-date locomotive, a tender, flat car, box car, passenger coach and Pullman sleeper, made entirely of metal, beautifully colored. Given for selling only 4 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this complete train postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 443, Toronto.**

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 70. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon, Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large powerful Achromatic Telescope

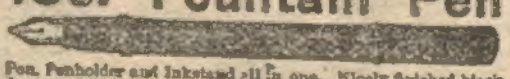


Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe, measures 10½ inches when closed and nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass caps to exclude dust. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Our Special 60 Day Introductory Price, only, 99c. postpaid.** This is a great chance. Don't miss it, order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE

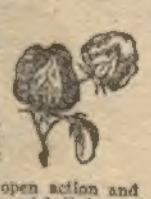
We give this handsome polished nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid.
THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.

15c. Fountain Pen



Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black Japanned holder and cap, Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanized rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. Is always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest bargain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c each. Our price only 15c each or $1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

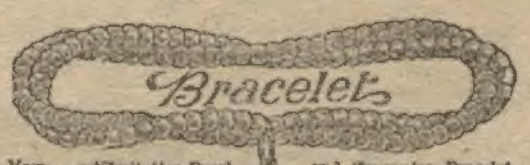


Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, ebonized case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we will send you this magnificent Accordeon. The Prize Seed Co., Box 439 Toronto.

Free

This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling, at 10c. each, only 2 doz. **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the Tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Sapphires, Emeralds, Amethysts, Rubies and Turquoise. **Just out. All the rage. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Co.,** Box 403 **Toronto.**

Bracelet



Magnificent Imitation Pearl and Turquoise Bracelet, the latest style. All the rage. Just from Paris. Consists of 48 deep blue imitation Turquoise, 48 large beautiful Pearls and an extra large very handsome Turquoise Pendant. Any size. Price only 20c. post paid 3 for 25c. **The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto**

FREE

New Princess Bracelet, elegant design consisting of 48 large beautiful imitation Pearls 48 splendid deep blue imitation Turquoise and a superb medallion of a beautiful Cherub in colors in a fancy Gold setting. Given for selling only 4 large beautiful packages of delicious Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return 60c. and we mail this superb Bracelet. Rose Perfume Co., Box 452 Toronto.

FREE

8 Beautiful **Opals** that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at 15c. each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 405, Toronto.

FREE

Handsome Silver nickel Watch, with ornamented edge and reliable American movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $2.40, and we send your Watch, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 431 TORONTO.**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return 60c., and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

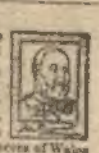
151 Songs 10c

Words and Music Complete, the latest hits and the choicest gems of songs, A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Niggers Work, Old Zip Coon and 146 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic, of love, war, the sea, etc. A grand collection, one volume, clearly printed and attractively bound. Price 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., Box 401 Toronto**

STEREOSCOPE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life, **given** for selling only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for perfume, sell it, return the money and we send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views, all charges paid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 442 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE Gold Watch



Handsome polished Nickel, guaranteed reliable American Watch for selling at 10c. each, only 2 doz. beautifully finished full-sized Celluloid Photographs of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, Queen Alexandria and the Prince and Princess of Wales or this elegantly engraved Gold Finished Double Hunting Case Watch here shown, (Lady's or Gent's size), for selling only 4 doz. THE PHOTOS SELL LIKE HOT CAKES. Write and we send Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send your magnificent watch, postpaid. THE HOME ART CO., Box 417 TORONTO.

SILK

We have purchased the entire output of pieces from the Leading Silk Houses of Canada, and are mailing them in packages each containing a choice assortment of finest silk, in newest patterns and brilliant colors, enough to cover over 300 square inches. Nothing like them for fancy work. Mailed for 15 cents silver, 2 for 25 cents.
Johnston & Co., Box 456 Toronto.

Advertisements.

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 15c. each only 10 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co.,** Box 403, **Toronto.**

FREE

Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 10 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.65, and receive this beautiful Bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY Co., BOX 431 TORONTO.**

FREE

GOLD WATCH Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable jewelled movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 433 Toronto, Ont**

FREE OPALS AND RUBIES

Elegantly engraved Gold-laid ring, set with 3 large, beautiful imitation **Opals,** showing all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, and 4 exquisitely cut fiery, flashing **Rubies.** A magnificent piece of jewelry. Looks well worth $50.00. Given for selling at 10c. each, only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea seeds, each package containing 42 of the large and most fragrant varieties. They sell like hot cakes. Write for seeds, sell them, return $1.20, and we mail this superb Ring in a velvet box. **Prize Seed Co.,** Box **449 Toronto.**

FREE

Gold Inlaid Solid Alaska Silver Watch, open face, stem wind and set, screw back and bezel, highly finished and positively dust proof. The movement is **full-jewelled** with quick train and expansion balance, perfectly regulated and adjusted, a thoroughly reliable **Time-keeper.** Given for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 largest most fragrant flowering varieties. **Everybody buys them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and we send this magnificent Gold Inlaid Watch, postpaid. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 154 Toronto**

FREE SILK RIBBONS

All from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, consisting of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles, suitable for Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send you a large box of beautiful Ribbons, all colors and widths, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 406 TORONTO**

120 LATEST SONGS AND 4 PIECS OF MUSIC 10c.

All the latest hits, comic, pathetic and sentimental in one large volume, 8 x 11 inches, clearly printed on good paper and neatly bound in attractive colored covers. 120 Songs and 4 pieces of music, 15c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO**

Advertisements.

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

Given for selling at only 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427, TORONTO**

SILK REMNANTS

By special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful Silk Remnants and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy pin cushions, scarfs, sofa pillows and many other beautiful and ornamental articles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surprise and astonish all who receive them. Hundreds have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected, measured in square inches. Beats any package ever offered. We positively guarantee absolute satisfaction. One large package postpaid, 15c. silver. Two for 25c. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 401 Toronto.**

100-Presents FREE to BOYS-GIRLS-LADIES.

A FREE PRESENT FOR ONE HOUR'S WORK

Our Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume packages at 10c. each are the wonders of the day. Being large manufacturers, selling direct through agents alone enables us to offer this perfume at such a remarkably low price. The packages are beautifully decorated with lovely designs of flowers and leaves in attractive colors, and are filled with deliciously fragrant perfume, warranted to last for years. EVERYBODY WILL BUY. NO MONEY NEEDED. WE TRUST YOU. Send your name and address and we mail 12 packages of perfume, postpaid. Sell at 10c. each. Send us the $1.20 you receive, and we will forward the present you earn and select from our large Illustrated Premium List, showing hundreds of elegant Premiums. Write to-day. ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 413 TORONTO.

$2.35 ELECTRIC BATTERY THE GREAT HOME CURER. NOT ONE CENT TO PAY TILL YOU SEE IT.

Send us your name, address, and express office, and we will send this Electric Machine for examination. When it arrives, test it thoroughly, and if found perfectly satisfactory, and in every way equal to Batteries regularly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00, pay the express agent our special bargain price, $2.35 and express charges, and you will have one of the finest batteries ever made. This is a genuine Magneto-Electric Generator, with permanently magnetized field, armature wound with over 100 feet of silk insulated wire, German Silver Current Regulator, polished hardwood base and nickel-plated electrodes attached with insulated conductor cords. It is well constructed, all parts perfectly made and handsomely finished. There are no chemicals needed. **The first cost is the only cost. It never wears out.** Easy to operate—a child can use it. You simply hold the electrodes in the hands or apply them to any part of the body, turn the crank and a strong current of Electricity is generated, which can be suited to the most delicate organism or made powerful enough to overcome the strongest man. **A Home Curer.** There is hardly any disease that Electricity will not either cure or greatly relieve. It affords instant relief in cases of Apoplexy, Meningitis, Paralysis, Neuralgia, and all other nervous affections, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, etc., etc. Cure yourself and save big Doctor's Bills. Our Battery is also a great entertainer. You can have no end of fun with it giving shocks to your friends, a dozen of them at a time if you like, and performing other amusing and instructive electrical experiments. Full instructions for medical and other uses sent with each Battery. Remember, you don't pay one cent till you see it. Order to-day. **JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

$10.00 GRAND CONCERT VIOLIN FOR $2.95

SEND NO MONEY, just your name, address and nearest express office, and we will send this High-grade Violin for examination. When it arrives, call and examine it thoroughly and when you find it equal to instruments regularly sold at from $7.00 to $10.00, pay the express agent our special price, $2.95, and express charges, and secure the greatest bargain ever seen or heard of. This is a genuine Stradivarius model Violin made of selected wood with highly polished top, inlaid edges, and ebony finished trimmings, a splendid toned Instrument of exceptional power and sweetness. With each violin we send a splendid Bow and a piece of specially prepared resin. Send $2.15 cash with order and we will include a large complete Self-Instructor containing over 100 choice selections. We have only a limited number of Violins to sell at this price. **If you want a $10.00 Instrument for only $2.95, order at once. JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 453 TORONTO.**

FREE

STEEL AIR RIFLE

Given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 447 TORONTO.**

EARN THIS WATCH

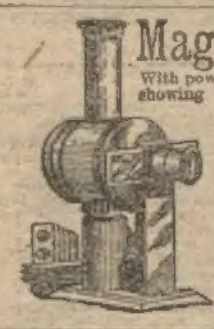
By selling only 2 dozen Glass Pens at 10c. each. These wonderful Pens are made of one piece of glass with colored holder and fluted nib. They never wear out and will write a page with one dip of ink. Write and we mail Pens. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome Watch with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hand, keyless wind and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. TOLEDO PEN CO., Box 483 Toronto, Can.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 60c. and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

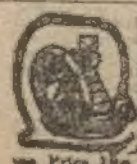


Magic Lantern

With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 8 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.

FREE

2 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 403 Toronto**



McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 10c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.